

Some part of her wondered whether she should call up Rivtech, maybe even demand an explanation from one of the scientists who had been testing her rather than by the representative they had sent. Every single assurance she had been given had been broken to some degree or another, enough that Linda wondered if that contract of theirs even applied at all anymore. Surely it couldn't, considering the "harmless hormone trial" had not only swapped her species for another one, but given her a pair of breasts as large as she was and in danger of constantly growing bigger whenever she felt the slightest bit stressed.

... though now that she was finally home and alone, she found all she wanted, all she *really* wanted, was a bath. Answers would have to come sooner or later, but right then and there her top priority was finding a way to relax and maybe try and shrink her breasts down somewhat; if she could do that, then at least she'd be far more ready to take on whatever challenges were thrown her way. Which, assuming what happened that day turned into a routine, were most likely going to arrive en masse. It was easier said than done however, since her breasts were now far bigger than her bathtub and trying to get them to behave without getting in the way was rapidly becoming more effort than it was worth. Her struggles resulted in so much spillage that it stopped being funny and quickly became genuinely aggravating as water mixed with milk began spilling over the edge and onto the ground. Linda was *not* in the mood for a shower, as much as she needed one, she just wanted a *bath*; she needed to soak in the warmth of the water and forget about her troubles in a soothing pool of warm bliss, and now, her chest was getting in the way and it was the goddamn diner all over again!

Her body temperature rose so quickly that Linda wondered if she was about to have a stroke; unable to keep her face straight, she gritted her teeth and very nearly bit her tongue just to keep herself from collapsing. The bathtub and surrounding floor began to groan ominously as she gained more cup sizes, sloshing gallons of milk gurgling into being with the sudden growth spurt. It only stopped after she took back control from her anxiety-riddled mind by forcing herself to remember the breathing exercises that had been taught to her, though the damage was already done: despite the growth spurt having been so quick, her bust was even bigger than she had thought possible, spilling out over the edge of the bathtub like a giant blob of white, milky fur. Somehow, they were still growing, or, more accurately, *filling*... which gave her an idea, albeit one that made her blush so hard her face might very well have turned luminescent. Maybe it was the sudden growth that had given rise to that thought. Maybe it was some of the pictures she saw on the internet, courtesy of Beth in her friskiest. But if her breasts were going to keep growing out of control, then she might as well try.

Abandoning the idea of sitting in the tub, Linda climbed out and let her swollen tits fall into it, then leaned forward and began gently applying pressure onto them. Her padded feet were having trouble finding purchase on the bathroom floor, given that it was now a complete mess of milk and water, and it took a significant amount of effort on her part to get both her breasts

wedged into the once-spacious tub in a way that didn't leave her feeling cramped. At least this way she could give the most sensitive parts of her body the attention they needed, doubly so once she got through her inherent embarrassment and picked up the showerhead to give her milkers a good rinsing. The water was just as soothing as she'd remembered, running down her mounds in blissful beads... and yet her breasts refused to shrink.

"Ok... you shrunk back at the elevator, why not now?" she asked herself, "Do I have to be gentler, maybe tease you out? Do you want me to play with your nips, is that it?"

As expected, no response beyond the churning that was already there. Linda sighed, chastising herself for doing something as stupid as talking to her breasts; it felt so natural, seeing as they were the only things involved in that mess that *couldn't* talk back to her from a position of authority.

"Is this just how big you are now? Am I not gonna shrink anymore?" she carried on, focusing on how empty they did, in fact, feel, "Am I just gonna have to enroll in yoga classes or something before you decide to calm down? Is that it?!"

Her voice being raised as it was solved nothing and just made her feel mad at herself. There was no point shouting at her tits beyond *maybe* feeling better about it... and she didn't, making the exercise both pointless and potentially dangerous given the effect stress had on her. It was best to just... appreciate the situation. This posed a series of problems for her, not the least of which was the simple act of getting *out* of the tub after her breasts became lodged in it, the pressure slowly beginning to mount inside her again as stray thoughts rapid-fired across her mind: what if the floor gave out? What if she was stuck like this forever? Would anyone come looking for her? Where was her cell phone? How was she going to go to work tomorrow? Could she even move, or *be* moved for that matter?

Not only did she not have any clothes that fit, but if things kept going the way they were, she'd be immobilized by her own weight in just a few hours! Not only that, but what about the rest of her life? How would she get around, take care of herself... hell, how would she tell her family about this?! Her transformation into an anthropomorphic panda had already severely strained her relationship with those closest to her, her relatives chief among them, and now the whole breast inflation thing was sure to be the driving wedge between herself and a bunch of people who considered tube tops to be the height of indecency. Linda dreaded the idea of approaching anyone she used to care about; it had been awkward before, but to try and do so now seemed almost impossible. She was certain they'd accept her, at least on a surface level. But the sidelong looks, the unspoken words, the *assumptions*, those are what would really get to her. They'd think a lot of things about her, things they already did but just didn't say to her face, and

she knew for a fact very few people would be remotely supportive of her given her new... condition.

But those were thoughts and worries for another day. Right now, Linda found she was too tired to care, and the only rational thought her mind could come up with was the phrase “Get your tits somewhere soft” repeated *ad nauseum* until it became impossible to ignore. Maybe, she thought to herself, if she got some sleep, things would just be... better, somehow, after she woke up. How exactly was still up in the air, but now was not the time for reasonable discourse.

Waking with a pair of breasts larger than most of her body proved to be a unique experience. Linda barely recalled getting away from the tub, and yet, a couple of eye blinks later, there she was: sprawled across her bed, bathing in the sunlight of a brand new day, and with both milkers very much spilling off the sides and nearly touching the floor. The by-now familiar dampness around the areolae told her that they had probably been leaking for most of the night she had magically zipped past; getting up and stepping on a puddle just confirmed her suspicions, at which point the panda could do very little but sigh in resignation as she slowly accepted her fate of an already-bad morning quickly turning into an even worse day.

At least her brain seemed to have rewired itself during her extended nap, to the point where, apart from the constant tug at her back, it didn't feel unbearably arousing to be carrying a set of milk tanks of that size from one place to another; in fact, standing in front of the mirror that morning was as mundane as it had ever been... apart from how most of her body was completely obscured by the pair of colossal mounds attached to her chest. They weren't any bigger than they had been the day before, which was a relief; now if only she could find a way to *shrink* them down several sizes, then she'd be a lot happier.

After a brief mental debate, Linda opted for calling in sick... which proved to be more of an ordeal than expected.

“I already told you, I *can't* come in to work!” she shouted at her boss.

“You did it just fine yesterday, I don't know why you're trying to weasel out now!” he fired back.

“My tits are bigger than I am, I can barely move without using a wall, and you know what? I'm just following orders!”

She had no idea if that angle was going to work, but that idea had *just* popped into her head and now she *had* to try it. If it was successful, then it was that one victory she desperately needed to get through the day.

“The fuck are you on about, Linda?”

“Remember yesterday? When the representative was talking about the research team and how they needed me to stay away from potentially contaminating the data from my experiment?” she mused, the biggest shit-eating grin on her face, “Well, as per the terms of the contract, I need to do what they ask of me. And seeing as how my body was already seriously disfigured by working at *your* establishment, I can only assume that, given the stress produced by the average customer, there is a non-zero chance of me undergoing yet another growth spurt that might very well leave me grounded, and *who knows* what that’ll do to me afterwards? I was stuck in the tub for goodness knows how long yesterday, and I don’t think it’d be a good choice on my part to potentially endanger the research project any more than I have already.”

Those were a lot of words, most of which she had pulled directly out of her ass and had no logical backing whatsoever. Even so, no response came from the other side for a good thirty seconds, after which her boss growled “I’ll see to that” and promptly hung up. Putting the phone down, Linda sat on the couch and spent about ten minutes or so rubbing her forehead, trying to coax the headache that had been forming between her eyes away... and failing miserably. She hated how a small part of her mind was urging her to bring her hands down low, to apply some of that rubbing motion to where it would *matter*. Not knowing what caused her to balloon to her current size, however, made anything as simple as a rubdown a potential trigger, and that was something she was not willing to risk, the thought alone making her nervous and a little queasy.

The sensations hit her just as hard as they had the day before, prompting a panic attack so severe that Linda was shouting “No! No! NO! NO! NO!” at the top of her lungs before she realized what she was doing was not helping her situation. Forcing herself to relax, the panda tried to think clearly; she had just woken up, she was in the safety of her own home, no one was coming to get her, and she wouldn’t have to go to work that day. There was no reason for her to stress out, and no reason for her tits to react to non-existent triggers. There wouldn’t *be* any more growth spurts, not if she had anything to say about it, and her body was going to *obey* that command if it knew what was good for it.

Doing her best to empty out her mind, Linda took several deep breaths and tried to remember the muscle relaxation exercises the company psychiatrist had taught her right after her initial transformation. They’d been useful before and they proved to be so again, as with their repetition came calm, and with calm came relief. The pressure and mounting productivity spike in her breasts slowly began to die down, soon enough melting into nothing and leaving the panda gal alone with her thoughts... and the soft sloshing of her tits, which had mercifully *not* grown more than a couple of inches in diameter. Perhaps that was the key, she thought. Her growth triggered and worsened whenever she felt like ripping her hair out, and she *just* halted it via the same

means she avoided anxiety attacks before. So, maybe it was stress-based, or tied to how she felt somehow? It was a simple enough conclusion to draw, even if she had absolutely no clue what kind of biological basis there could be for something like that, but one Linda was intent on testing over the course of the day.

Her home being the most controlled environment that she had on hand, it became an odd, extra-lewd repeat of her old sessions with Rivtech's therapeutic counsellor. Finding something to trigger a downward mental spiral was easy enough: she just had to think about any number of things that had happened to her in the last twenty four hours and let herself relive the trauma. Every time, she felt the same kind of mounting pressure inside of her, serving as a warning that she needed to start the relaxation exercises to try and return to normal. Again and again she employed them, bringing herself to the edge of a panic attack just so she could pull herself back from it, her conviction in her assumptions growing stronger as more evidence was thrown at it.

By lunch, she was all-but certain that whatever was causing this to her body, it *had* to feed off physiological stress reactions. While she had no way of controlling when those would happen, *knowing* it gave her some semblance of control. At least now she was aware of the root cause of her growth, and being aware of that meant that she could try and take adequate steps to combat it as best she could. This made the prospect of going to work, and dealing with the customers... not exactly enjoyable, but at least tolerable. However, that was not the worst thing she was looking forward to having to do that day.

Living on the fourth floor meant very little back when she was a lithe little fuzzball, but it now presented such a colossal problem that she wondered whether or not she should phone the company and request a new place to live, somewhere preferably on or near the ground level. She was only stopped from doing so by knowing that giving those bastards any more control over her life would only end up making a bad situation worse; the one thing she *could* do was hope the elevator never broke down, but considering how much it groaned when she had ridden it up the day before, she had her doubts. Still, there had to be a better way.

A bright flash of red rose to color her cheeks as she got up from the table and went to the bathroom. It was a stupid idea, one that could backfire badly and leave her unable to go anywhere if it did so, but assuming her body still obeyed *some* of the laws of physics, then it should work; besides, it *had* worked the day before, so there was no reason to believe her breasts wouldn't behave the same way again. Squeezing back through the door, Linda heaved her breasts over the top of the bathtub; she was reluctant to bring her hands any closer to her swollen nipples than they already were, scared that she might kickstart a reaction that wouldn't stop even if she wanted it to. If her plan was to work, however, it was something that *had* to happen, and it was only the inherent possibility of her breasts going into overproduction again that stopped her from immediately getting down to it. It took a lot of self-convincing and no small amount of mental

gymnastics before Linda found the courage to reach over and grab one of her fist-sized nipples, stifling a moan as she did so. Tugging on the swollen nub just enough to make her eyes watery, she began to massage it, hoping to loosen it up just enough to make the next step of her plan more bearable, slowly repeating the gesture on the other teat.

If her breasts had made a mess of the house before, it was nothing compared to what they were creating now; Linda was glad that she had the foresight to try this in the tub, acting as a receptacle for the gouts of milk flowing from her hardening, engorged nipples. The flow from each was enough to throw Linda into a state of heightened arousal, her brain flooded by the sudden rush of hormones that had been the cause of her current predicament to begin with. Tugging and squishing her swollen nipples for all that they were worth, she marveled at the spray of thick cream as it splattered the wall in arcing sprays that came back down upon her; if she were anywhere in her right state of mind, she would have loudly complained about how much cleaning would be needed due to the expanding mess she was creating. Instead, she allowed the flood of serotonin to drag her down into a hazy mist of sensations, as a growing heat between her legs spread, driving her to wriggle her thighs together in an effort to massage and soothe her more sensitive areas. It was so good to finally let go, to forget about her worries and just let her body take over. It had honestly been so long that Linda could barely remember if it had ever happened at all; even if it had, it probably wouldn't have come even close to what she was feeling at that moment, weighed down by a pair of tits of a size and girth that even the most modified of porn stars could only ever dream of. In a moment of brilliance, she let go of her swollen teats; any more direct stimulation there and she'd be spraying like a firehose in no time, thus needing a far more sensitive touch and tender care in order to draw out the process for as long as it could go.

It stopped being about milking herself, or draining her size down to one that was more manageable and mobile, and became a slow race against herself. It'd be disingenuous to claim she hadn't thought about a boobgasm before in the past, in her more private moments where she fantasized about *having* boobs that mattered; even after turning into a panda and being given those mounds, she had somehow managed to push the thoughts away into a corner of her mind where she could pretend they weren't there; all the while they remained, festering and growing in strength until such a point as they could take over. This was her reality now, the truth of the matter: her tits were big enough to fill a bathtub and she wanted to massage them until she came, without bringing a single digit down to her nethers.

It was... surprisingly easy, all things considered. Whatever the genemodding had done to her that enabled her breasts to grow and inflate as much as they had did a number on her pleasure receptors as well, because even the slightest touch was enough to draw a wince out of her. Linda had initially assumed it was just a consequence of being so full, but as her fingers kept finding more flesh to play with, it soon became evident that what she was actually feeling was her own

arousal spiking to levels she had never experienced before. Every rub and knead brought sensations she didn't know possible, every squeeze sapped whatever strength was left in her legs. Without even trying, the panda girl effectively floored *herself*, no longer able to stand up with how weak-kneed she was. The soft splash as she collapsed onto a puddle of her own milk, as well as the warmth spreading across her quivering legs, conspired together to make the situation even worse.

Or better, depending on one's perspective.